

SURPRISE FOR VAN ALSTYNE IN DIVORCE CASE

Pretty Co-respondent Took Name of "Mrs. Van" in 1905.

THREE NEW WITNESSES.

Boarding-House Mistress and Two Maids Give Testimony in Favor of Banker's Wife.

There was a little ramble to-day in the office of Maurice Meyer as a curtain-raiser to a sensational act in the divorce drama of Van Alstyne against Van Alstyne before Justice Levensitt in the Supreme Court.

Mr. Meyer brought together Mrs. Nora H. Rice, who kept the fashionable boarding-house at No. 17 West Thirty-third street, where the co-respondent, Mrs. Katherine P. Newman, (otherwise known as Allison), has testified that she and her friend, Mrs. Avan, lived for a year; Mary Edwards and another colored maid, who had been in Mrs. Rice's employ in 1904 and 1905.

The three remembered all about "Mrs. Allison" and Mrs. Avan, and also recalled that "after Mrs. Allison got married to Mr. Van, Mrs. Avan took a room on the top floor, and they reluctantly consented to appear as witnesses for Mrs. Van Alstyne.

When the dream-eyed Mrs. Isabelle W. Van Alstyne was called, with her little son D'Arcy, into the room, the mistress and maids all declared who was not the "Mrs. Van" who had Mrs. Alstyne's parlor room in 1904, down to June, when "Mrs. Van" bought the fine mansion at No. 80 Argyll road, Flatbush, where "Mrs. Alstyne" had a star boarder, banker Guy C. Van Alstyne.

Surprise to the Defense.
The curtain-raiser in the lawyer's office delayed the appearance of Mr. Meyer and his trio for the act in court, but when it came it proved a sensation.

Mr. Meyer began by reading a letter written by Anna Nelson from Baltimore to Mrs. Van Alstyne, last February.

In just this said:
"I just thought I'd write to you to ask you what you'd like to give me for some valuable information about one whom you are closely connected with or have been. I am not an impostor. I am telling the truth. If this gets out I will be in a pickle. I have been away from Flatbush just five weeks. I work as a cook at Mrs. Newman at No. 80 Argyll road, Flatbush. I left her because I was too weak to do the work. I can tell you things that will open your eyes. I am a woman, and I have been a mother, too, so I know how you feel to be separated from your little child."

"Mrs. Rice" called the lawyer, and very nervous and reluctantly the boarding-house keeper took the stand. She wore a gray costume of corduroy effect, and a hat to match, with a verd green ostrich plume.

She said she first saw the attorney for Mrs. Van Alstyne this morning. She said that "Mrs. Allison" took a room in her house in the summer of 1904.

"After a time her friend, Mrs. Dorner, joined her, and later another friend, Mrs. Avan. She identified the slender, little co-respondent with the big, almond-shaped blue eyes and ruffy chestnut curls as "Mrs. Allison."

"Did you ever see Guy C. Van Alstyne?"

"Yes," and the witness nodded toward the well-groomed banker sitting beside former Judge Dittenhoefer.

Occupied Same Room.
"Mr. Van Alstyne was also a member of my household," said the witness.

"Do you know who occupied the room with Mrs. Allison after Mrs. Avan left it for another room?"

Question was raised, but Mrs. Rice was allowed to testify that Van Alstyne occupied the apartment with Mrs. Allison after Mrs. Avan took another room. The roseate hue turned a deep carmine in the nervous little co-respondent's cheeks.

How many rooms were there in Mrs. Allison's apartment? Mr. Meyer asked.

"There were two rooms, parlor, back parlor and bath. Mr. Allison furnished them."

"How did you first know Mr. Van Alstyne?"

"A constant caller upon Mrs. Allison. She introduced him to me. We always called him 'Mr. Van.'"

Mr. Meyer tried to get into the jury a question which Mrs. Allison answered by saying she was going to be married to Mr. Van, but the best he could do was to show that Mr. Van Alstyne came to the house to live, and

Two Views of Mrs. Van Alstyne, Who Is Suing Banker Husband for Divorce

(Specially Posed for The Evening World and Photographed by Staff Artist Curtis.)



she served breakfast to him and Mrs. Allison in the latter's apartment.

After she left him in June, 1905, when did you next see Mr. Van Alstyne and where?

Mr. Van Alstyne took me to see her late at night, down in Flatbush, three weeks ago. After dinner they talked with me about this case. They asked if I had been subpoenaed, and I said I had not. Then Mrs. Allison said: 'Well, if you are all you know is that Mr. Van Alstyne came to your house and you gave him a hall-room.'

Both Reviled the Wife.
"Two weeks ago Mr. Van Alstyne and Mrs. Allison came to my house and asked about this case again. Mrs. Allison said if I knew Mrs. Van Alstyne and hated her, that she abused and neglected the baby and Mr. Van Alstyne had to leave her."

"Mr. Van Alstyne said about the same thing, and that Mrs. Van Alstyne often came home intoxicated. He said now Mrs. Van Alstyne lived in the elegant hotel to say extravagant, way she did."

"Well, I said, you have made an intimate bosom friend of Mrs. Van Alstyne. Taken her to dine at Martin's and sent her to bed. I don't see how you could do these things if she is the kind of woman you say she is."

"She said: 'Well, there's something wrong somewhere, and I replied: 'If I were in your place, I would to me, I'd keep my mouth shut.'"

"Mrs. Rice told of a third interview with Van Alstyne a few days ago, in which he said he felt she ought to be hanged."

"Mrs. Allison's suit for her parlor floor and assisted to her proposal that \$500 would be about right. He gave her \$50 cash and a note for \$450 signed by Mrs. Allison. Mrs. Allison had rented for a year at \$35 a week."

"Was the baby boy, D'Arcy an Alstyne, then in your house?"

"Yes, when Mr. Van Alstyne came there to live he brought D'Arcy."

Witness Fails Lawyer.
Former Judge Dittenhoefer cross-examined Mrs. Rice.

"You would not have allowed Van Alstyne and Mrs. Allison to remain there had you thought they were living in immoral relations?"

"No, sir."

"Therefore you did not put them out?"

"No, because they were not. They lived there as husband and wife," replied the witness, before the old trial lawyer could stop her rapid tongue, much to the relief of Mrs. Van Alstyne, whose lawyer and friend vain to get this fact before the jury.

"What room did Mr. Van Alstyne occupy when he came to your house to live?"

"The apartment with Mrs. Allison. When Mrs. Allison told me the old trial lawyer asked if she had any direct examination."

"You wouldn't let me, you objected, and I was not allowed to answer."

"Mrs. Allison told me Mr. Van Alstyne was a doctor, and she married him. When she brought him to my house she said she did not want it known they were married, so, while he was regarded in the house they were married, she continued to be known as Mrs. Allison at her request."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE FAILS IN COLORADO.

Party Leaders Decide to Name No More Women for the Legislature.

DENVER, Nov. 13.—Recognized leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties said today that no woman would again be nominated for a legislative office. They say they are in touch with the public pulse and that women are not wanted for office.

These leaders assert that equal suffrage in Colorado is rapidly becoming a farce in spite of peppy assertions of the contrary, and that the rank and file of citizens would include with the fair sex eliminated from politics.

Four women ran for the House of Representatives recently. Three of them were on the Democratic ticket and one on the Socialist ticket. All were defeated by decisive majorities.

The twenty-one-year-old co-respondent who was but a schoolboy when the alleged liaison between the defendant and her husband began, was being sued by her husband, William M. Lawson, for an absolute divorce.

The defendant, who had given him money to play the races and to go to the theatre, and finally, how she stabbed him at the Clarendon Hotel because he ignored her demand to return to her parlor, put the youth through such a long line of questioning that Justice Meyer's patience was finally exhausted.

"These interrogations," he said hotly, "are unnecessary. The details are trifling. All that is necessary is to find whether this co-respondent is telling the truth."

"The boy he asked: 'Were you guilty of indiscretions with this woman?'"

"I was," came the quick answer. "Then Carmichael went on to tell of

\$1,000 NIGHTIE A DREAM OF LACE AND EMBROIDERY.

"Such Extravagance in Lingerie," Says Department Store Head, "Not for 'Newly Rich,' but for Connoisseurs."

"Night robe, \$2,100."

For this mere trifle you may buy as beautiful a bit of lingerie as ever graced the person of a royal princess.

In fact, no member of royalty wears more exquisite lingerie than is being daily imported for the use of the New York woman. In a glass case in one of the biggest stores in New York the bit of lingerie marked \$1,000 proves to the uninitiated that there is no limit to her extravagance.

The gown is made of hand-woven linen batiste, in whose area and indescribable sheerness there is not a single flaw. The \$1,000 robe is a masterpiece of hand embroidery with which it is trimmed. The \$1,000 gown is necessarily plain from the point of Broadway show-people. The lace has been made on a form to fit the yoke, and the intricate roses are surrounded by exquisite ruffles of embroidery so fine as to be imperceptible. Below the embroidery, which falls in tiny rows below the bust, the finest of tulle confines the fairness which is necessary for the body of the gown.

The sleeves are short and flowing, made of the Brussels lace and hand embroidery. Around the hem, which is the finest of hemstitching, runs a delicate hand-embroidered vine of roses and leaves.

Other High-Priced Goods.
"It would be difficult to tell you what sort of lingerie the richest people buy for one member of a millionaire's family might come in here and pay \$2 for a night robe, and another follow and pay \$500 or \$800. It is not the money, but the taste, that counts. The most exquisite lingerie, and as for the new, every night, of course they could not appreciate this."

"Something neat but not gaudy in petticoats may be purchased for \$100. One, which the class of people who are interested in the body of the gown, the body being made of Brussels lace, the finest of hemstitching, runs a delicate hand-embroidered vine of roses and leaves."

For Connoisseurs Only.
"Who will buy a gown like that," the head of the department was asked, "Not the millionaires," she replied, "but the very finest people. Only people who know beautiful lace and embroidery and hand work could appreciate it. Women whose mothers and grandmothers before them have an appreciation of exquisite lace by their own."

"The New York woman's love of beautiful and costly lingerie was shown in a three-piece suit selling for \$1,000. The work on this suit is of the same fine hemstitching putting the garments to bed, but the lace work is point venise, in a thirteenth-century design. The deep lace incrustations are inter-

mingled with the most exquisite of hand embroidery.

"We have sets all the way up to \$1,500, but you can't be governed by price in these things. The most beautiful ones depend entirely upon the lace and what appeals to one does not appeal to another."

"People say, 'What a shame to put so much money in lingerie.' Why is it a shame? There is no work or art in painting in which such exquisite workmanship can be brought out as in the daily lace and embroideries which are the highest art themselves."

"Collectors of old lace can find nothing better than these exquisite sets. You can buy hand-embroidered lingerie at almost any price, but the most expensive lace is combined with the finest embroidery and the hand-made linen batiste may be purchased for \$800 up."

"Woman's love of beautiful lingerie is becoming more pronounced every day. Among the class of people who are interested in the body of the gown, the body being made of Brussels lace, the finest of hemstitching, runs a delicate hand-embroidered vine of roses and leaves."

RED-HAIRED YOUTH CONFESSES AGAIN.

Repeats Accusations Against Mrs. Lawson in Her Husband's Divorce Trial.

A confession as brazen as any ever heard in court came from the lips of William Allen Carmichael, to-day, when the red-haired young man repeated the attack in the Supreme Court.

There is no question who his parents were, and smilingly told of his relations with Mrs. Lawson. Lawson, who is being sued by her husband, William M. Lawson, for an absolute divorce.

The twenty-one-year-old co-respondent who was but a schoolboy when the alleged liaison between the defendant and her husband began, was being sued by her husband, William M. Lawson, for an absolute divorce.

The defendant, who had given him money to play the races and to go to the theatre, and finally, how she stabbed him at the Clarendon Hotel because he ignored her demand to return to her parlor, put the youth through such a long line of questioning that Justice Meyer's patience was finally exhausted.

"These interrogations," he said hotly, "are unnecessary. The details are trifling. All that is necessary is to find whether this co-respondent is telling the truth."

"The boy he asked: 'Were you guilty of indiscretions with this woman?'"

"I was," came the quick answer. "Then Carmichael went on to tell of

his relations at the Lawson Union street home, now his and the defendant's, and how an improvised ladder had been built of rope that he might climb down it to the yard in the event of detection.

"After we left the Union street residence," he continued, "we went to live at the Clarendon Hotel. One night she refused to go to the theatre with me and I went alone. This was at the Clarendon. Half an hour or so she came in, and when I went out to smoke a cigarette after the first act she created a scene. After she had got back to the hotel she demanded the money she spent on me and when I said I wouldn't give it she hit me on the head with a bottle, and then she stabbed me with a pair of shears. Then she ran and down the hall screaming, and the manager put us both out."

ROOSEVELT PASSES CUBA.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—President Roosevelt and party, on the battleship Louisiana, have reported by wireless from a point off the south coast of Cuba. The Louisiana and her two convoys are travelling seven knots an hour and the weather is fair.

DAMAGED BY MUD SCOW.
The German oil tank steamer Diamant, Capt. Whorrich, which arrived to-day from Shields, while at anchor off Quarantine was struck by a mud-scow. Some of the plates on the starboard bow were damaged.

Children certainly do grow sturdy on Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

"The handling of 'ribbons' in the right sort of way insures the apt driver the right kind of pay; The using of Morning World 'Help Wanted' Ads. Brings quickly good drivers for traps, trucks and cabs.

A Strong Fellow, Steady of Nerve!



The handling of "ribbons" in the right sort of way insures the apt driver the right kind of pay; The using of Morning World "Help Wanted" Ads. Brings quickly good drivers for traps, trucks and cabs.

All Kinds of Workers Respond Promptly to World Help Wants!

NEW YORK GIRL IN SAD PLIGHT ON STREETS OF PARIS

Mary Weidenbaum, Who Went Abroad to Wed, Found Demented.

PARIS, Nov. 13.—Mary Weidenbaum, sixteen years old, and claiming to be the daughter of a jeweller, of No. 201 Madison street, New York, was found wandering demented in the streets here last night and was taken to a hospital. She told an incoherent story, from which it was gathered that she was on her way to New York from Jaffa, Palestine, where she had been living with her uncle.

Consul Haugen Mason is trying to communicate with the girl's parents.

When an Evening World reporter brought the above news to the Weidenbaum home in Madison street the girls' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Weidenbaum, and a dozen relatives were thrown into grief. They see in the girl's detention a tragic climax to a romance planned and hoped for by the whole family.

The child was the first authentic information they had received from their daughter since she left here seven months ago, to be engaged to her cousin in Palestine.

Mary is the eldest of Meyer Weidenbaum's three children. She was born in Jaffa at No. 201 Madison street. Meyer didn't have much money, but he managed to scrape together a little, which he gave to the girl and with her Uncle Levine she set off for the Orient several months ago. Two days ago Meyer received a letter postmarked Palestine, Oct. 25. It was from the grandfather and was in Hebrew, much of which Meyer Weidenbaum could not understand.

He did make out enough, however, to know that Mary was on her way back home, and that she was being sent back by the writer, who announced that she would arrive in Liverpool about Nov. 10.

What she is doing in Paris the relatives here have no idea.

BURGLAR WHEN TRAPPED SHOT SHERIFF DEAD

Fired in the Dark and Escaped, but Posse Is Hunting Slayer.

(Special to The Evening World.)
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The country around Dover Plains is being searched to-day and every train on the Harlem Railroad watched for a burglar who shot and killed Deputy Sheriff Eugene Cribley at that place. Cribley was shot through the right lung and death followed instantly.

Cribley and Charles Hess, a resident of Cribley's place, were walking along the main street of Dover Plains after midnight when they observed that the front window in L. L. Coligan's butcher shop, across the way, was open.

Canvass of the Vote Is Now On

Official Results May Not All Be Announced for Several Days—Some Counties Early.

(Special to The Evening World.)
ALBANY, Nov. 13.—The Boards of County Supervisors throughout the State met to-day as canvassing boards. In some counties it may take several days to tabulate and announce the official returns. Others were ready in a few hours after the boards met. The figures on State officers so far recorded are:

Rensselaer County.
Flourish... 15,544
Hicks... 15,525
Truman... 15,522
Lewis... 15,521
Glynn... 15,520
Mayer... 15,520
Van Alstyne... 15,520

READY TO CANVASS THE LOCAL RETURNS.

Alderman Reginald Doull, of Tammany Hall, was to-day elected chairman of the board which will canvass the election returns in New York County. The Republicans tried to elect Alderman H. W. Brown, but when the returns were made and it was found that nothing had been taken, a search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

An investigation was made and it was found that nothing had been taken. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

In escaping he dashed past Hess, who ran to the window and gave an alarm. Cribley died as the posse arrived. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

MARY WEIDENBAUM FOUND DEMENTED IN STREETS OF PARIS



Mary Weidenbaum

BURGLAR WHEN TRAPPED SHOT SHERIFF DEAD

Fired in the Dark and Escaped, but Posse Is Hunting Slayer.

(Special to The Evening World.)
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The country around Dover Plains is being searched to-day and every train on the Harlem Railroad watched for a burglar who shot and killed Deputy Sheriff Eugene Cribley at that place. Cribley was shot through the right lung and death followed instantly.

Cribley and Charles Hess, a resident of Cribley's place, were walking along the main street of Dover Plains after midnight when they observed that the front window in L. L. Coligan's butcher shop, across the way, was open.

The officer crossed the street, and finding the door locked, he climbed in the window, which he found open. He was followed by Hess. The officer was shot through the right lung and death followed instantly.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.

A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found. A search was made the country round, but no trace of the slayer was found.